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her for the part she took in the affair; but this she did not mind, and that though they had contrived to seduce her emissary from her service, she knew how to make even her serviceable to her cause in spite of them; that though she would delay the punishment her perfidy deserved, in the end she intended to punish her severely, by disgrace and poverty at the close of her life; and in the mean time would cause her to betray her new friend, the colonel, after leading him into such indiscretions as would lessen his influence considerably; if not totally destroy it."

I could not help feeling somewhat hurt at the contempt with which the goddess talked of our military; and as our famous expedition for Walcheren was then fitting out, I mentioned it with some exultation, stating the prodigious preparations made, the great pains taken by ministers, who even attended on the embarkation in person, and had spared no expense to render every thing complete; adding also what was expected from the favour of Providence on the undertaking, from the prayers of the pious Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was known to be most powerful in prayer; and also from the prayers of Mr. Wilberforce, and all his evangelical friends, who were heartily disposed to spare no efforts in this way for its success; hoping that all this would induce her divinityship to talk of our affairs with somewhat more respect.

But I was still more mortified, when she burst into a loud and long continued fit of laughter, and then observed, that she had contrived a method to render this fine expedition perfectly abortive, by the simplest means imaginable; that she had applied to Morpheus to personate his great votary and worshipper, the noble commander of the expedition, and lead the army in his place (which was no great difficulty, as there was such a resemblance in their persons and manners, that one might be easily taken for the other;) and that at the present moment Morpheus was in actual command in Walcheren, while his lordship was snug in his bed in London, locked up in a private apartment; and that perhaps I might see something more of this business

on my way back. That as to the prayers of the Evangelicals, or, as they were more properly called by the people, the Jellysculls; the old fable of Jupiter and the waggoner would explain what was to be expected from indolent prayers, unaided by any manly effort to further their design.

She then concluded, by returning to the business of my embassy; saying, that though she was no friend to my countrywomen, for the reasons already stated, yet that in consideration to the zeal I had manifested in the cause of her sex, she would do the only thing she could to assist me, and would therefore dispense with my performing the usual residence of forty days in her island, which all men who landed there were obliged to do by an ancient law; but as she could not possibly dismiss the captain and his crew till after that time, she would order one of her light vessels to be ready to convey me on the next morning, to the present residence of Juno, which was then not at Samos, as I supposed, but at Delos, where she and Minerva were both on a visit to Diana, with whom they now spent much of their time. Saying this, she rose from her throne, commended me to the care of her nymphs, and wishing me a good voyage, retired to an inner apartment; after first graciously presenting me her divine hand to kiss.

The touch of this celestial hand, the model of beauty and perfection, occasioned a delicious sensation so powerful, as for some time to deprive me of recollection, and when I recovered, the goddess was no more to be seen, and I found myself again surrounded by her nymphs; who, in a most obliging manner led me to a saloon, where a table lay spread with a variety of exquisite dishes, an abundance of the finest fruit, from all parts of the world, and a profusion of the most delicious wines. NEMORENSIS,

To be continued.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

I AM your constant Reader, and fond of exploring and discovering the antiquities of Ulster, and perceiv-

ing, that you insert in your Magazine, dissertations on these subjects, if you think the following account of the objects pointed out to me, when travelling on the mail-coach road, from Belfast to Antrim, worthy the attention of travellers you may insert it in your useful Publication. I am &c.

Antrim, Oct. 1, 1809. JANE M'D.

Yesterday on getting into the coach for this place I found in it a silent, grave looking, elderly man, who was unwilling to give any answer to my questions, but, yes madam, or no madam.

But, when a mile from town, being struck with the beauty of the plantations, and neatness of the seats on the land side of the road, and with the beauty of the bay on the other, I asked this man, whose name, he said is Senex, the name of the land; he said *Skiog-O'Neil*, adding, that this country was once the property of the O'Neils; the parish is a vicarage called Shankil, or the old church; that Belfast was more ancient than it appears; that the date of the castle of Belfast is unknown; that it was inhabited before Elizabeth's time by Randoiphus Lane, and granted by her to Sir Thomas Smith, the elder, and to Thomas Smith, esq. the younger, with a vast tract of adjoining lands, on condition, that they should keep in readiness a certain number of foot-men, and horse-men, well accoutred and horsed, and be ready to muster in a certain number of days, after being required by proclamation in Antrim. When Sir A. Chichester, was lord deputy, such a proclamation was issued in the time of James I. neither of the Smiths appearing as required, their patent was forfeited; the castle and cinament* of Belfast were granted to Sir Arthur. The family inhabited this castle till it was destroyed by fire, and two ladies burnt in it.

This bay contains about 24 square miles, fit for the secure anchorage of

* *Cinein* (Irish) is a family, and cinament is the district or habitation of a family. Cinament of the castle of Belfast must mean the land possessed by the family living in the castle.

large ships. The pool in which vessels lie, about three miles down, is *Carmoil* (the place of heaps of fish.) The whole bay is in most maps written Carrickfergus bay, from the name of the founder of that castle, situated on the shore, about eight miles from Belfast, supposed by some historians to be the first king of Scotland; but at the time of the erection of this edifice, Ireland was named Scotia, and Scotland, Caledonia; our historians mention two kings of Scotia, of the name of Fergus; the first of whom erected this pile.

Two miles and a half from Belfast, are the ruins of a castle, vulgarly called Green-castle, corrupted from Caislean Greiné, the sunny castle, from its situation.

The rocky hill to the north of it is called Cave hill, from a number of caves in it, cut out of the rock; the lowest cave is like a large room 16 feet wide, and 18 long, the roof is flat; the second higher up, is about 10 feet long, and 8 wide, the top is in the form of a Gothic arch; the third is twice as large as the first, and the fourth resembles the second.

The bold front of this hill, with the sharp adjoining rocks, exhibit a most beautiful picturesque view.

The range of mountains which extends along this shore, exhibits a great variety of picturesque scenes, and the springs and streams which issue from them are the sources of comfort and wealth to the surrounding inhabitants.

On turning from the shore to Temple Patrick, we get a view of the small church of Carnmoney, anciently named Coole of Carnmoney. This parish, Ballylinny, called also Ballywalter, and the parish of Ballymartin, are united. On the left we have a view of Collinward-mountain, on the top of it are two cairns, ancient cemeteries, in use, before the time of interring the dead. The road then enters the small vicarage of *Moylusk* (the plain of the cave.) This was the property of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem in Ireland. The vicarial tythe is paid to the Dean of Connor in Carrickfergus.

This small vicarage, with three townlands adjacent, Craigarogan, Kilgreel,

and Barnes, were granted by patent to Sir Arthur Chichester, and by him to one of the officers in his regiment; at length it was conveyed by assignment to the family of Upton, and by them to the family of Rowley.

The name of the townland of Kilgreel, is from a church near Roughfort, signifying the church of the dagger. This parish is called Carngraney, from a curious ancient stone building near it, like an ancient cromieach, or altar, raised upon stone supporters. These large stones were twelve in number ranged from S.E. to N.W. that one toward the west, is six or seven feet high, that to the east, nearly on the ground; they appear like steps of stairs, gradually rising from east to west. The name of this I think is *Carne Greiné*, or the cairn of the sun.

Near this is an ancient mount supposed to be intended for a large temple, on which the surrounding inhabitants worshipped the sun; adjoining are several fortifications very different from the round raths of the Irish, and are probably Danish. On the rising ground, we have a view of the church and mount of *Donnegorr*, or the goat mount; and of the beautiful valley in the bottom of which runs the six-mile water; so called, because the road from Carrickfergus to Antrim, either touches it, or is near it, at that distance from this ancient fort. Templepatrick, once a beautiful village was mostly burnt by the Monaghan Militia the day after Antrim fight. This vicarage once, the property of the knights of St. John, is now united to Antrim. Three towns adjoining were granted by deed by Sir Arthur to Humphry Norton, who built the castle here, and gave it the name of Castle Norton, this district in the county book is the district of Castle Norton. We next passed the six-mile water, anciently *Owen Neview* (the river of the woods) at Dunethery, where a beautiful mount is planted with trees, the name signifies the middle mount being in the middle of the valley: this is in the grange of Naiteen; near this is an ancient Church in ruins, to what monastery it was attached is uncertain.

On the north side of the river the road passes through Island-ban, one

of the eight towns of Muckmore. The other seven towns are on the south side of the six mile water. Colman obtained a grant of this district called Elo, from the O'Neils, at a meeting in Tara, in the year 550: hence his name is Colman Elo. He founded a famous monastery in this place which has been called Muckmore; I think corrupted from the true dedication, not to saints or angels, but to *Mochd mór*, the great, great, or very great One.

These eight towns were granted by James I. to Sir Roger Langford about the year 1639, they are now part of the property of the family of Massareene.

When near Antrim we have a view of a round tower entire, which has been built on the plan of the ancient round towers of Ireland, supposed to have been places for preserving the sacred fire of the country. There was adjoining this tower a monastery called *Entroia*, a supposed improvement of the name Antrim, which signifies the caves of the sorcerers.

The town was once a flourishing place with two excellent fairs held on the 12th of May and 12th of November, and a good market every week on Thursday; but since the non-residence of the Massareene family it has been declining: Randalstown and Ballymena have succeeded to most of its trade and manufactures. On the south side of the river adjoining Antrim was the little monastery of Massareene, from *Masrain*, a beautiful portion, this small district was granted to Sir Arthur by James the first, and is still part of the estate of the Donegail family. The inhabitants of this beautiful and fruitful vale, between Carrickfergus-bay, and Lough-neagh, are almost universally Protestant dissenters.

I inquired why Senex did not publish an ancient and modern history of the County. He answered such is daily expected from the Literary Society of Belfast.

To the Editor of the *Belfast Magazine*.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for June last, I was gratified to see some experiments upon the hydrometer, published